THE SOCIAL WORLD.

A Large Number of Pleasant Family Entertainments.

Engagement Announcements—The De Forrest Musicale—A Fancy-Dress Party—Forthcoming Dances—Notes.

These are the golden days of dancing clubs. Pleasure and profit, the twin principles of ethics, alike declare for association, and here in San Francisco we seem particularly happy in our social combinations. Occasionally there arise internal difficulties in the clubs, but these are always surmountable. Perhaps the membership becomes unwieldly, or a matron writes to complain of some slight, or the dates of two entertainments clash, or at a late hour unpleasant incidents threaten, but these things are merely opportunities for our club managers. The latter do not seem to rule by imperiousness, or by everlasting concession, but by some magic middle course, which may be defined as "the tactful way." Tact is apparently the universal solvent in all social difficulties. There are several organizations in this city that owe a prolonged existence solely to its mysterious properties. Given an apparently fatal crisis and immediately some Quintus Curtius leaps into the deadly imminent breach and all is harmony again. Moreover the devoted hero, or more often heroine, remains unscathed, with added credit for savoir faire. Not a little of our pleasure this season depends on the tact displayed by the management of our many dancing clubs.

The officers of the Presidio and other bay garrisons gave a hop last Friday evening to the Patterson officers.

Owing to their growing having become unwieldy the Pigs in Clover Club have issued a circular announcing their intention of giving a select series of dances on the first Friday of each alternate month, opening the season on December 5th at Union-square Hall.

Miss Babetta Plageman, who recently returned from a year's trip through France, Germany and Italy, was tendered a pleasant serenade on Saturday evening at her home, 325 Larkin street. The gallant musicians were invited into the house and generously entertained before they were allowed to depart.

Miss Nina Warfield of Ten Oaks, Glen Ellen, was married last Wednesday at St. Paul's Episcopal Church to Mr. George E. Middleton. Miss Nina is the only daughter of Mrs. Kate F. Warfield, the lady vineyardist of Sonama Valley.

The many friends of Attorney-General G. A. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson tendered them a reception at the family residence in Santa Rosa last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Reis will be at home on Thursday evening, the 30th inst., at 9 o'clock at their residence, 2201 Sacramento street.

Engagement Notes.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Hanchette and Mr. Edgar B. Carroll of Sacramento will take place in December.

The wedding of Miss Alice Boalt and Mr. Hugh Tevis is set for November 15th.

The wedding of Miss Jean Russell and Mr. Edgar Painter will take place on Monday afternoon, October 20th, at the home of the bride's parents, in Alameda. Miss Russell is the daughter of Mr. John A. Russell, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco for many years past, and the groom, who is the fourth son of the late Mr. Jerome B. Painter, is an employe in the Custom-house here, besides being the resident correspondent of several Eastern journals. After their wedding trip they will reside on Vallejo street, near Van Ness avenue.

The engagement of Miss Carrie Durbrow, daughter of the late Joseph Durbrow, to Mr. Alfred Holman of Seattle is announced. The wedding takes place early in January.

The wedding of Mr. W. G. Davis, a young business man of this city, and Miss Ida Johnson, daughter of Captain R. S. Johnson of Stockton, will take place in that city next Wednesday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary E. Lund of Santa Clara to Mr. Frank Wilmes, a well-known resident of San Jose. The wedding will occur in the Catholic Church, during the latter part of the present month.

The engagement of Mr. Addis Lovell Rockwell, the esteemed Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Veterans' Home at Yountville and a well-known attorney of this city, and Miss Marguerite Coult, daughter of Mrs. Coult of Marysville, will take place in that city next Wednesday evening.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Max Brown to Miss Ray Bovoy, both of this city. They will receive next Sunday at 1629 Birch avenue.

Mr. J. C. Skinner and Miss Lucy Child will be married on Saturday in Oakland, leaving immediately for Coronado Beach, where they will spend the honeymoon.

Mr. Joseph B. Allen, teller of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles, whose engagement to Mrs. M. G. Allen was announced some time ago, will be married on Wednesday next.

The engagement of Mr. Jules C. Lutzen of San Francisco and Miss Dodie Schroeder of Alameda is announced.

The Charity Fete in Prospect.

Something to look forward to next month is the five-days' Charity Fete organized by well-known ladies for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, St. Luke's Hospital and Maria Kip's Orphanage. It will run from Monday the 10th to Saturday the 15th prox., at Irving Hall, lunches being given every day (except Monday), and entertainments and dancing every evening. Single tickets will be 50 cents and season tickets $2 50. A number of attractive booths will be under the care of the following ladies: Doll's Booth—Mrs. Wheeler Martin and Mrs. P. Ashbury of the Old Ladies' Home Board; Grab-bag Booth—Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Woodward; Candy Booth—Miss Gwin (President of the Maria Kip Orphanage), Miss Miss Elbridge, Miss Woods, Mrs. E. P. Anthony, Mrs. E. Linforth; Floral Booth—Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Sabin; Lunches—Mrs. Sanchez, assisted by all the ladies, two churches taking charge each day. The affair is given under the patronage of all the Episcopal churches in the city, and a large number of bright society ladies have promised their assistance to make it a success.

The De Forrest Musicale.

The party calls last Friday which followed Miss Grace de Forrest's eighteenth birthday party of October 3d, when she entertained her class of '91, Irving Institute, were in every respect a success.

The following programme was rendered: Overture, duet; "Il Trovatore" (by Claude Melnotte), the Misses De Forrest; "Campanella" (Liszt), Professor Heimburger; "Gondola" (Liszt), Miss Ella Lane; recitation, "Put Down the Bars," Miss Hattie Stone; "Jeunesse" (Gottschalk), Miss Emma Skelley; vocal duet, "Dolce Comforto al Misero-Mercadante," Misses Rogers and De Forrest; waltz, E minor (Chopin), Miss Bessie Prindle; recitation (selected), Miss Lottie Gray; vocal solo, from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (Tardi Troppo), Miss Carrie Roper; "Nightingale" (Liszt), Miss Viola Rogers; dialogue, "Courting and Science," Misses Shearer and James; "Staccato Etude" (Rubenstein), Mrs. Heimburger; "Am Meer" (Liszt), Miss Grace Spurgeon; vocal solo, "Aria Il tuo Strai" "Martha," Miss Grace de Forrest; recitation, "Freshman's Story," Miss Corinne Ferguson; "Hunting Song" (Mendelson), Miss Ella Sherman; "Hark! Hark! the Lark" (Schubert and Liszt), Miss Mattie McCormick, Professor H. J. Stewart accompanist.

The programmes, with their clusters of violets in relief on the cover, which was tied with a bowknot of pink silk, were very dainty affairs. Dancing agreeably concluded the evening.

The Turn Verein Ball.

Last evening the San Francisco Turn Verein celebrated their thirty-eighth anniversary by a most successful ball at their hall on Turk street. A very large number of friends enjoyed the occasion until an early hour this morning.

The following concert music was rendered by Ritzau's Band: Overture, "Orpheus" (Offenbach), Ritzau's Orchestra; "Die Welt ist so Schön" (Mannerchor), singing section of S. F. T. V.; selections, "Bohemian Girl" (Balfe), instrumental soli, Ritzau's Orchestra; "Rheingruss" (Mannerchor), singing section of the S. F. T. V. with orchestral accompaniment; "Turnier-Marsch" (Bach).

The committee in charge consisted of Messrs. E. Kreis, Otto Koch (floor manager), F. Rinne, F. Koch, F. Herbst, W. Zaretsky, Albert Zinser.

Farewell Party on Harrison Street.

A most enjoyable farewell party was given Mr. Philip J. Craner at his residence, 657 Harrison street, on Friday last, all the participants having a very enjoyable time.

The evening was spent in singing and dancing, and at 11 o'clock a bounteous supper was partaken of.

Among those present were: Miss Della Craner, Miss Golda Norton, Miss Carrie Barrich, Miss Sarah Kane, Miss Teresa Nevins, Miss May Jennings, Miss Libbie Goldstein, Miss Annie Broderick, Miss Alma Bergelin, Miss Nellie Whaley, Miss Kittie McKenna, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Ruth Seymour, Miss Ida Barrie, Miss Elaine Williams, Miss Sarah Doyle, Miss Daisy Alexander, Miss Nellie McIntosh, Miss Lena Hackmeister, Miss Daisy Whitelaw; Messrs. Philip J. Craner, Thomas Hall, C. A. Provence, Albert Goodell, Eugene Casey, J. Carroll, W. Lawrence, H. McKenna, James Hall, Thomas Holland, Reid Beckett, John Beckett, Henry Bassett, S. Rahine, John Jennings, Walter H. Levy Jr.

The Elsmere Hop.

The initial hop of the season at the Elsmere, 418 Sutter street, took place last Friday evening. The festivities were participated in by some sixty ladies and gentlemen, the spacious dining-hall being utilized for the dancing.

The musicians who had been engaged for the occasion for some unknown reason failed to make their appearance, and this caused some delay, but other music being at length secured a most enjoyable programme of sixteen dances was successfully carried through, lasting from 9:30 o'clock to 1:30 in the morning.

This hop was especially noticeable alike for the beauty and grace of the ladies present and for their many elegant costumes. At none of the previous dances at this house has there been congregated such a galaxy of female loveliness, combined with such richness and taste in costume. Everybody seemed to enter into the exercises with vim and zest, and universal jollity prevailed. Altogether it was one of the most delightful parties the Elsmere has ever seen.

Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Messrs. William E. Coleman, E. J. Waugh and R. C. Jewell.

The Bohemian Dramatic Club Party.

The Bohemian Dramatic Club held another of its private parties at the residence of Miss Cora Van Nostrand, 1207 Folsom street, on last Monday evening, it being the second of a series of twelve that are to be given throughout the season.

The following programme was well rendered and thoroughly appreciated: Address of welcome by the Bohemian critic, Miss Georgie Bevel; vocal duet, selected, Miss Eleanor Ryan and Mr. Leon Levy, with piano and violin accompaniment; recitation, selected, with encores, Mr. George R. Wentzel; piano solo, Mr. Harold Mordaunt; vocal duet, selected, Miss Cora Van Nostrand and Mr. M. Edward Licht; comedy sketch, entitled "The Bohemian," in one scene, with Miss Josie Lafontaine, Messrs. Walter G. O'Brien, Percy Caldwell and Sol Kraus in the cast.

At the conclusion of the above the strains of the supper march proved a reminder of the bounteous repast that was in waiting. After toasting for several minutes dancing was the order of the evening till early morn.

The following are the officers of the club: President, Walter G. O'Brien; Vice-President, Miss Cora Van Nostrand; Secretary, M. Edward Licht; Treasurer, George R. Wentzel; Sentinel, W. R. Gately; Stage Manager, Sol Kraus; Musical Directress, Miss Josephine Lafontaine; Social Committee—Miss Eleanor Ryan, Robert Van Nostrand, Miss Georgie Bevel, Percy Caldwell, Miss Emily Fischer, Harold Mordaunt.

Party on Stockton Street.

A very enjoyable birthday party was held at 1408 Stockton street, on Sunday, the 12th inst., in honor of the Misses Lena and Mamie Fischer. The interior of the residence was handsomely decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens, making a magnificent appearance.

At about 5 o'clock the guests began to arrive and were ushered into the large reception-rooms, which were tastefully decorated, after which the company retired to a large dining-room, where an elegant supper was served, during which toasts suitable for the occasion were rendered by some of the prominent guests. After supper all repaired to the reception-rooms, where the time was spent in games, chatting, etc. During the evening piano solos, songs and recitations were rendered by some of the young ladies and gentlemen. Dancing to the music of a string orchestra pleasantly concluded the affair.

The young ladies in whose honor the affair was given were the receivers of many handsome presents, as well as being heartily congratulated by their many friends who were present.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, Miss Lena Fischer, Miss Mamie Fischer, Miss Emma Fischer, Miss Millie Cleave, Miss Louise Scott, Miss Addie Godkin, Miss Lottie Mayer, Miss Myrtle Hayes, Miss Lizzie Augenstein, Miss Addie Augenstein, Miss Tillie Wilson, Miss Ethel Norton, Miss Flora Wilson, Miss Ella Masters, A. Fischer, Theo Laron, Fred Laron, George Scott, Henry Armstrong, Harry Scott and Clarence B. L. Darlington Jr.

The Home Circle Conservatory Party.

A very pleasant fancy-dress party was given by the Home Circle Conservatory (Professor E. G. Russell) on last Friday evening. Among those present were: Miss Sadie Smithson, gypsy queen; Miss Gracie Burmeister, Spanish princess; Miss Oleta Berry, Queen of Night; Miss Emma Wright, fairy; Miss Edith Lincoln, La Tosca; Miss Edith Simpson, bluebell; Miss Stella Levy, Irish washerwoman; the Misses Mae, Maud and Alice Folsom, three little maids; Florence McGinty, sailor-boy; Miss Ada Manheim, rose-bud; Miss Frances Reinger, fairy queen; Miss Gracie Reinger, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Louise Arnut, morning star; Miss May Berl, Spanish princess; Miss Lucy Hanks, Little Lord Fauntleroy; Miss Maud Brooks, Miss Eva Brooks, Miss Eva McInerny; Miss Ie Vona Stevenson, fairy; Miss Ethel Banks, Spanish lady; Miss Alice Wingard, snow white; Miss Violet Levy, sailor-girl; Miss Laura Carmany, white flower; Miss Lucy Berliner, fancy dress; Miss Juanita Castella, fancy dress; Miss Frankie Levy, fancy dress; Miss May McBath, Miss Estha England, Miss Annie Willard, fancy dress; Mr. George Smithson, Highlander; Mr. Frank Smithson, McGinty's widow; Mr. Albert Folsom, Mikado; Mr. Edgar Runyon, dude; Mr. Cahn, prince; Mr. William Dunlap, Mr. Max Stern, Mr. Samuel Stern, Mr. Flowder, base-ball player; Mr. Ernest Mason, page; Mr. George Little, page; Mr. Rushton, dude; Miss Nora Murphy and Miss Nellie Kelly, base-ball players; Mrs. McKenna; Mr. and Mrs. Stern; the Misses Lulu and Emma Smithson, morning stars; Mr. Fred Smithson, Washington; Miss Burt, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Berliner, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Holmer, Mr. Richard McPherson, Mrs. Winegard, Miss Minnie Dreyfuss, Miss Ella Kelly, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Kitty Graney, Mrs. Graney, Mrs. Trust, Mr. Parker, Mr. Cowslip, Mr. Clay, Mr. Cohn and Mr. Crocker, spectators.

A Surprise Party on Army Street.

A genuine surprise party was tendered to Mr. Eton Faulkner by his many and numerous friends on Saturday evening, the 11th inst., the occasion being his birthday anniversary. The surprisees met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. McDermott, and proceeded in a body to 1043 Army street, where dancing, singing and games were indulged in until an early hour. At midnight the guests repaired to the dining-room where an elegant repast was served and toasts given and responded to. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. John Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Eton Faulkner, Mrs. George Spring, Miss Aggie Largen, Miss Alma Conlan, Miss Clara Zenaski, Miss Mamie Conly, Miss Minnie Zenaski, Miss Alice Conlan, Miss Mary Murphy, Miss Gertie Crawhall, Miss Mabel Crawhall; Messrs. George Gould, W. Hatelierson, J. Monaghan, J. Lorden, Eton Eaton, Charles Gould.

Parties to Take Place.

Yerba Buena Parlor, No. 84, N. S. G. W., have issued elegant invitations for a full-dress ball to take place at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 6th prox.

The members of the Aldine Musical Club will give a full-dress party at Union-square Hall, Tuesday, November 18th.

Corps No. 1, military order A. S. A., will hold a "camp fire" this evening, at B'nai B'rith Hall.

All arrangements are complete for the third annual reception of Young Ladies' Institute, No. 2, which takes place at Odd Fellows' Hall, Tuesday evening next.

Bay City Parlor, No. 104, Native Sons of the Golden West, will hold their third semi-annual ball at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening next. It is being looked forward to with interest.

Bay City Lodge, No. 619, K. and L. of H. will give a calico party at Washington Hall, Eddy street, this evening.

Alcalde Parlor, No. 154, N. S. G. W., will hold their inaugural ball at Saratoga Hall on Friday evening next.

An entertainment and ball will be given by the Danish Ladies' Relief Society at Union-square Hall on Saturday evening next.

Columbia Council, No. 55, Y. M. I., formerly known as Institute No. 55, will hold its third annual reception at Odd Fellows' Hall, Wednesday evening next.

The County Kerry Social Club will give an entertainment this evening at Irish-American Hall.

The Star Minstrel Club will give their next entertainment and ball at Mission Turn Verein Hall, Mission street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, on Saturday evening next.

The first anniversary entertainment and ball of the "Fri-co Ten" will take place at Turn Verein Hall next Saturday evening.

The first semi-annual ball given by Fair Oaks Camp, No. 15, Sons of Veterans, will take place at Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday evening next.

An entertainment and ball will be given by Young Men's Institute, No. 72, at Mangel's Hall next Friday evening.

An informal hop will be given by the Alameda Olympic Club next Friday evening at their club-rooms, Alameda.

The Dolphin S. and B. Club will give their thirteenth annual party at Saratoga Hall next Saturday evening.

The "La Voltas" will be "at home" Friday evening next in Minerva Hall, Saratoga Building.

The Zig-Zag Social Club will give their third party at Mission Music Hall on Wednesday evening, the 29th inst.

Club Frohsinn will hold their monthly social in the Olympic Assembly Hall, corner Powell and Sutter streets, on Sunday next.

The pupils of Professor R. K. Love will give a bonbon party at Saratoga Hall on next Saturday evening.

The Furniture-workers' Union, No. 15, will give their sixth anniversary ball at Teutonia Hall on Sunday evening, November 9th.

The Eola Club will give a cologne party on Saturday evening next at New Teutonia Hall.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 1232, K. and L. of H., will give another of their pleasant "evenings at home" Thursday evening, November 6th, at Union-square Hall.

Bay City Circle, No. 11, C. O. F., will give a rainbow social on Tuesday evening, November 11th, at Union-square hall.

The Fremont Club will give their second anniversary ball at Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday evening, the 15th prox.

The Aurora Social Club will hold their socials every Thursday evening at their club-rooms, on Bryant street, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth.

The initial hop of the Inter Nos Club will take place at Inter Nos Hall, 74 West Mission street, on Friday evening, the 31st inst.

On Friday evening, the 31st inst., the Lyceum Comedy Company will appear at Saratoga Hall in Augustin Daly's comedy, entitled "A Night Off."

A musical entertainment and ball will be given by the Alameda Cricket Club at Harmony Hall, Paru street, Alameda, next Thursday evening.

Triumph Lodge, No. 65, Order of the Golden Shore, will give a domino and ice-cream party on Wednesday evening, October 29th, at St. George's Hall.

Bronson Howard's brilliant American comedy entitled "The Henrietta," will be produced at Saratoga Hall (lately remodeled) in early November by the Bohemian Dramatic Club with a well-selected cast. Dancing will follow the performance.

The monthly entertainment of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which meets at 909½ Market street each Sunday morning, will be given in that hall on next Saturday evening. In November, the entertainment will comprise a grand bazaar and fair on the last Friday and Saturday evening of the month.

Society Personals.

Miss Ada Peterson of Santa Cruz returned home on Saturday after a six weeks' visit to the metropolis. She was the guest of Mrs. T. K. Bannerman, and took an active part in the recent Fruit and Flower Festival in aid of the Youths' Directory.

Mrs. Niles Searls has nearly recovered from her late illness.

Mrs. J. S. Enos has removed to this city to reside from Sonoma, where she has dispensed hospitality to her many friends for a period of nine years.

Miss Teresa Ansen is visiting friends in Colusa and Marysville.

Mrs. C. T. Ryland is at Capitola.

Mrs. E. Evatt has returned home from a visit to her parents in Salinas.

Mr. William Northrup Cowles is visiting in Santa Barbara again.

Mr. Frank Pixley has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott and Mr. G. Niebaum in St. Helena.

Dr. W. H. Milburn has been lecturing in Napa.

Mr. J. F. Bigelow, Vice-President of the Nevada Bank, is in Los Angeles, the guest of his brother.

Senator J. P. Jones is expected to arrive in Virginia City to-morrow or next day.

COAST ITEMS.

Brief Notes of Interest From Pacific States and Territories.

Dwelling-houses at moderate rents are in great demand at Pomona.

The Farmers' Alliance of Santa Clara County intend to start a bank at San Jose.

Frances Kelley, who was so badly burned at the Los Angeles County Jail last Tuesday, died in a few hours.

A man named McKinnon was run over by a train near Moal last Sunday night while he was sleeping on the track.

Douglass Hunter of Deep Creek, Whitman County, Wash., thrashed 350 bushels of oats from a field of three acres.

Editor Farjeon of the Concord Sun was nominated by the Democrats for Auditor of Contra Costa. He has no opposition.

One of the delegates to a Democratic convention of Sierra County, N. Mex., was appointed on the Committee on Resolutions. He signed the report thus: Jose Tafoya of Pineta, X, his mark.

An old adobe house on the corner of Bellamy and Jefferson streets, Santa Clara, is to be torn down. Excepting the Mission Church it is the oldest building in town, having stood for more than 60 years.

The San Jose Mercury says: Two mining men from Montana are prospecting for silver in the mountains of Alum Rock. They have already had some specimens assayed that give promise of large mineral wealth in that locality.

A colored deserter from Fort Show, Montana, stole a horse from Rounch, the Government scout, and took to the woods. The scout got on his trail and tried to arrest the deserter. He resisted, when Rounch shot him dead.

An infant daughter of Mrs. Samuels of Maricopa, Ariz., was scalded to death on Wednesday by the upsetting of a pan of tomato catsup that her mother was making. This is the first death that has taken place in Maricopa.

The Wilsons Journal failed to appear last Monday. In explaining the matter the next day the proprietor said he got up his job to print the election proclamation for Colusa County and the printers were not able to set a line of local matter for his daily issue.

The Iron Dollar thinks G. E. Noonan, the Republican nominee for School Superintendent of Trinity, performs the proper caper when he refuses to canvass the county against his Democratic competitor, Miss Kittie O'Neil, because he deems it "ungentlemanly" to do so.

The Portland Oregonian says: Herbert Mingo, a Pequa Indian, born and raised in the Cape Cod district of Massachusetts, is in Pomeroy. He came to California in 1873 and has followed mining in California, Idaho and Montana the most of the time. He is an intelligent and agreeable conversationalist.

The Vallejo Chronicle gives this straw to show which way the wind blows: A party of gentlemen were discussing politics in the smoking-car on the Sacramento local on Sunday morning when a Democrat offered to bet a Republican that a majority of the car would vote for Markham. A count was taken, resulting in Markham 22, Pond 9. Our reporter asked the Democrat how it was that he bet that way. He said that he knew five Democrats in the car besides himself that would vote for Markham.

Nelson Hadley, a young man aged 19 years, was accidentally killed in Yamhill County, Oregon, last Wednesday, while out hunting with an older brother. The unfortunate lad had discharged one barrel of his gun and was reloading, when the other barrel was discharged, the charge striking him under the chin and coming out at the top of his head, death resulting instantly. His brother, who was too much excited and horrified to remember just what was occurring at the moment, thinks that in handing the shotpouch to Nelson, it was dropped and struck the trigger of the gun.

Whispering to His Girl.

When Sam Jones was preaching in a Western town some time ago, says the Chicago Herald, he was annoyed by a young man who was whispering to his girl. Finally the preacher could stand the interruption no longer, so he looked straight at the young man and said: "I will pause until the young man in the back of the room gets through talking."

The silence was intense, and every eye was on the young man, who was still whispering to his girl. He had been so busy that he had not caught the preacher's censure. Mr. Jones repeated his remark, and this time the young man heard him. Not an instant did he hesitate, but he immediately tried to square himself. While every one was watching him, he looked squarely at the preacher and said: "Go right ahead, Mr. Jones; you are not bothering me."

FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, suitable for balls parties, weddings or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, northwest corner Post and Dupont streets.

A New York wedding party broke up in a general fight because an admiring guest insisted upon kissing the bride too often.

Thanks.

Old Sancho Panza thanked the man
Who first invented sleep,
And Saxe, our funny poet, joined
With thanks as loud and deep.

Thanks to the man, we say, who first
Invented SOZODONT!
A mighty push he made, to bring
Our nation to the front.

For SOZODONT will make the teeth
White as the driven snow;
It cures sore gums, perfumes the breath;
Tell all your neighbors so.

Breezes in the Spice Islands

Are not laden with more fragrance than a breath rendered pure and aromatic with SOZODONT, which restores whiteness to yellow teeth and soundness to defective ones. Neither man nor woman can hope to carry any point by force of persuasion with a mouthful of unclean, discolored teeth and an unpleasant breath. SOZODONT remedies both these repulsive physical traits, and is pre-eminently healthful as well as effective.

THE EMPTY HOUR.

It held for me naught of power;
"Time lost!" was the world's decree;
And yet, 'twas that empty hour
Has filled my life for me.
JULIE M. LIPPMAN in October Century.

LOOKING BACK.

GEOFFREY DANE is sitting at his writing-table, alone in his spacious study; his head rests upon his hands, and an expression of deepest melancholy darkens his handsome, careworn face.

In turning over a desk full of old, yellow letters he has come upon a half-forgotten relic of happier days—a little bunch of lilies of the valley, tied with a scrap of white ribbon. The lilies are lying on the desk before him, and his eyes grow strangely dim as he looks at them, while memories of the past come pouring faster and ever faster into his troubled mind.

How well he remembers the day when the lilies bloomed fresh and fair and fragrant, embedded in their cool, green leaves; the day when he plucked them and carried them home for his wife—his little Doris! How pleased she was at the small attention! Even now he smiles as he recalls her pleasure. The pretty pink color flushed into her cheeks, and her blue eyes shone like stars, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him again and again. Ah! what wonderlands he got into by those kisses! She was always impulsive and childishly natural. She never stopped to consider her words and actions, after the manner of older and wiser people; but, then she was only 19 and innocent as a child in the ways of the world. She was 19, and Geoffrey was 39; the difference in age was great; but not so great as the difference in character.

Geoffrey was old for his years, and had lived fast. Already he had seen and done most things, and the excitement of what is commonly called "seeing life" had palled upon him considerably. He was quite ready to settle down to the uneventful life of a country squire, with few interests beyond his books—I put them first advisedly—his wife and his estate.

Doris differed from him in every way. For her life was just beginning; its long vista stretched golden and cloudless before her innocent eyes. Things that were "tedious as a twice told tale" had for her all the freshness and charm of novely; the hot, impetuous blood of extreme youth coursed through her veins and mantled in her cheeks; she viewed the world through rose-colored spectacles.

Yes, people differed widely in every way, and sooth-sers prophesied from the very first that the marriage would turn out a failure. How much better it would have been if Geoffrey had listened to some of his well-meaning friends! But he was too sure of himself and his ability to mold his own fate, and too fond of his pretty Doris to notice their timely warnings.

He was very fond of her; no man ever loved a woman more dearly than he loved Doris, and he honestly tried to make her a good husband, according to his lights; but, looking back now on his past, and judging it by the light of later experience, he can see that his lights were wofully dim. He did not treat Doris as an equal and a helpmeet; he denied her the close companionship and perfect confidence that are the right of every true wife. He looked upon her as a charming toy wherewith to beguile his leisure hours; a pretty child to cheer and amuse him with her innocent prattle when he could tear himself away from his beloved books. It is not right or proper that a wife in such a light, as he has found to his cost.

For a time things went smoothly enough. The first six months of their married life were happy months for both of them, but after that their relations began to change. It would be difficult to say when and how the change came in; it stole upon them so gradually at first that Geoffrey hardly noticed it, but when their married life was a year old it became painfully evident to him. Doris saw it too. She used to sit and look at her husband with such a wistful expression in her big blue eyes, and sometimes she would make an effort to resume her old playful affectionate manner toward him, but somehow her efforts always ended in failure.

At the time he was blind, but he can see so clearly now that the fault was his in the first instance. He frightened and repelled her. She was an only child, and all her life had been spoiled by the utmost care and tenderness; her father was the soul of kindness and most indulgent to her, while Geoffrey was grave and cold, and at times even stern in manner. Furthermore, he expected too much of her. The standard by which he judged woman was a very high one, almost impossibly so. Certainly, his ideal woman seldom, if ever, existed out of a poet's imagination.

Doris tried her hardest to satisfy him and fulfill his expectations, but she was cast in too slight a mold, her strength was not equal to the demands upon it; she tired, and became bitterly conscious of her failure. Geoffrey can see it all now clearly enough, but he could not see it then.

Well, as I have said before, their relations underwent a change, and a coolness sprang up between them—slight, it is true, but impassable as a mighty barrier.

Things went from bad to worse, and the Danes were in a very uncomfortable position when Doris' cousin, Archie St. John, who was then home from India on sick leave, came to stay with them. He was a good-looking young fellow, a little inclined to swagger and put on "side," but manly, good-hearted and generous to a fault. Geoffrey took a fancy to him, and they got on very well together, until he awoke to the fact that Archie was making hot love to his wife. Geoffrey was not inclined to play the role of jealous husband, and, at first, the discovery only caused him to stand aside and watched the little drama with undisturbed mind, having perfect confidence in Doris and her devotion to him, but, after a time, he began to feel anxious and uncomfortable.

We never forgot the night that it dawned upon him that there was real danger for Doris's attentions. They were giving a small dance in Archie's honor—a cosy, informal gathering of some twenty couples—and in the course of the evening, as Geoffrey was leaning against the wall watching the maze of revolving couples, his eyes suddenly fell upon Doris, and what he read in her face caused him to start and look again.

It was a waltz, and she and Archie were dancing together. She was clasped closely in her arms, so closely that her cheek brushed his shoulder, and he was bending over her and talking very earnestly in a low tone. Geoffrey did not, of course, hear what he said, but the intense earnestness of his manner led him to suppose that the subject under discussion was a tender one, while the rapt look on Doris' face, her flushed cheeks and parted lips and the feverish excitement that gleamed in her uplifted eyes, startled her husband unpleasantly. Geoffrey looked again, and, as he looked, the devil of jealousy and cold, implacable anger sprang slowly into being in his heart. In that moment he loved her more dearly than he had ever done, and yet he could have killed her.

That night, a few minutes after he had entered his dressing-room, there was a gentle knock at the door, and Doris came through from her bed-room. She looked very delicate and fragile, he thought, as she paused timidly on the threshold; very pretty and childish, too, in her simple white dressing-gown, with her long golden hair falling over her shoulders.

"May I come in, Geoffrey?" she asked nervously. "I want to speak to you."

"Come in, by all means, if it will give you any pleasure," he returned, shortly. "What do you want? Are you ill?"

His tone was not reassuring—it sounded strangely hard and cold even in his own ears—and Doris gave him a timid glance as she came forward very slowly and dragging one foot after the other, as if she had barely strength or energy to move. He looked down at her, as she stood by his side, and was struck by her extreme pallor and the feverish glitter in her eyes.

"You are ill," he exclaimed, hastily. "I am sure that you are ill."

"No," she said, wearily, "I am not ill—only tired."

"If you are tired, why don't you go to bed?" he asked, in a sympathetic tone.

She shook her head.

"I could not sleep without speaking to you. I must speak to you to-night, Geoffrey."

"Well, speak away," Geoffrey said, ungraciously. I am anxious to get to bed, if you are not."

She came a step nearer, looking up in his face with her clear, childish eyes.

"Geoffrey," she said, in a low tone, "we are not what we were once to one another, you know."

She could hardly have begun worse than by referring to the strained relations then existing between them. The reference irritated him unreasonably.

"Good heavens, no!" he exclaimed. "It is not, however, necessary to remind me of that fact, Doris."

Something in the words, or in the manner in which they were uttered, seemed to hurt her, and she shrank back with a most piteous expression, but she still strove to speak bravely.

"Geoffrey," she said, pleadingly, "if you would be kind and gentle to me this once, only this once, it would not be so hard to say what is in my heart."

Now in those days Geoffrey's disposition was a peculiarly self-righteous one, and nothing annoyed him more than for people to imply that his conduct was not, in all ways and under all circumstances, exactly what it ought to be. Doris' words angered him.

"I am not aware," he said stiffly, "that I have ever treated you otherwise than kindly. Don't be childish, Doris. What have you to say to me?"

She looked at him with a sort of despair.

"You wont help me," she said dully. "Then I must do it all myself. Oh, how hard you are!"

"Pray spare me the catalogue of my shortcomings, he cried, icily. They are numerous, no doubt, but scarcely interesting at this time of night. Please say what you have to say quickly, I am getting sleepy and late hours do not agree with you."

To be Continued.

IN A PANTHER'S CLUTCH.

The Narrow Escape of Two Cattle Hunters in a Florida Hammock.

Jim Duke and Ben Pittmore were out the other day after some stray cattle, and about noon sat down in a little cleared spot in the hummock under an immense oak tree, says a Sweetwater (Fla.) special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The branches were thick overhead, and the cool shade made them drowsy. After getting their dinner they stretched themselves at full length under the branches and soon were snoring lustily.

All at once a terrible scream broke in upon their dreams, and both hastily jumped up, still half asleep, to hear the horrible panther's wail. It sounded almost overhead, and, as the startled hunters glanced around, their sharp vision caught the fierce gleams from the panther's dancing eyeballs. There it was, not over twenty feet above them, sitting on a big limb, crouching down, its long, huge body lying close to the limb, its head fixed in their direction, while its lurid eyes flashed fire; its tail switched nervously from side to side, sounding ominously as it struck the wood resounding blows.

"Get out of here!" cried the Duke, as his half-scattered senses realized the danger. "Get, Ben, or we'll have more'n we want." As if his words infuriated the already maddened beast, a wild, fierce scream answered him, and then, with a snarl, the long, red body leaped down at them. Both men hastily leaped around the tree and thus saved themselves from its bloody and deadly clutch. The panther failed in its first leap, turned around with a snarl of concentrated rage and anger and sprang into a smaller tree near by and ascended into its top and then faced the men, uttering a scream of defiance as it sharpened its long and terrific claws on the bark of the tree.

Hardly giving its antagonist time to think over its presence, the big cat again sprang, cut into the air with a wild cry and landed right between the two hunters, throwing Duke down and badly scratching Pittmore. The latter fired at the beast hastily, but so hurriedly that it made only a flesh wound, and the wounded beast plunged around in her madness, happily throwing Duke further off from her. Jumping to his feet, Duke caught up his rifle and fired at its head, but succeeded only in making a big hole in her ear.

The panther now sprang again at Pittmore and pinned him to the ground, her teeth catching in his tough skin coat. He struggled fiercely as he fell, and in the meantime succeeded in getting his knife out. Duke fired again, and this time put a bullet in the beast's body. Pittmore had his knife out by this time and was trying to carve up the beast. The panther screamed and snarled while it fought with Pittmore, but receiving an unusually heavy cut in the ribs, leaped up and again climbed the tree.

Pittmore was a sight by this time, his heavy skin coat being almost torn off him, while the blood was dripping from numerous ugly scratches. But he was game, and, getting his gun, he rushed up to the foot of the tree, and, aiming at the animal's gleaming eyes, just seen through the thick leaves, fired. An angry scream followed, and then the huge body tumbled down out of the tree badly wounded, but still in shape to do much damage if the hunters once got within its reach, the shot breaking its foreleg instead of hitting it in the head.

Duke unwittingly got too near it and in an instant the beast's ferocious teeth had clasped his clothes, and had begun drawing him up nearer. "Help, Ben!" he cried, "this infernal she cat is digin' me." Ben rushed up, and putting his rifle close to the beast's head, pulled the trigger, and she rolled over dead. Both men were pretty badly handled, but they were well compensated, they thought, by the glory gained in giving such a ferocious cat its quietus. It measured 11 feet 7 inches from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and when stuffed it looked as big as a full-grown lion and presented a very ferocious aspect. On searching the vicinity of its den two young cubs were found, which accounted for the mother's attack on the men. They were killed and their pelts taken along to corroborate the hunters' statement.

A young girl rode her horse in through a store doorway at Lynchburg, Va., the other afternoon, made her purchases, said good-by and backed gracefully out.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining uncalmed in the Postoffice at San Francisco on MONDAY, October 20, 1890.

☞ To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "Advertised Letters," and give the date of the list. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the Dead-letter Office.

Abling, Wm C
Ackerman, C A
Adams, G V
Adams, A S
Adkins, Gerald
Agrell, Arvid
Aguilar, J I
Aldi, A M
Alcock, Tom 2
Allen, Miss May
Allen, Miss Sadie
Allen, Wm
Allemann, J 2
American Transfer Co
Anderson, Miss (4225 Folsom st)
Anderson, R A
Babcock, O E
Bacquet, Master Eugene
Bamber, Miss (9:33 Mission)
Baird, Mrs Annie
Baird, A
Bailey, Mrs Fred L
Bailey, Miss Lue
Bailey, Mrs